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as we can see—there cannot be any selection in this direction. But selection and specialization have certainly been at work in other ways upon the mole, for no animal could be better adapted to its mode of life, from the enormously and peculiarly developed forelimbs, with the

short strong neck and flattened head, to its little sensitive snout and minute eyes, which, buried in its fur, are safe from any inconvenience from grit and falling soil. In short the mole is well fitted to lead a very joyous life in its underground world.  
—*The National Review, London.*

## SHEILA

BY THEODOSIA GARRISON

Kate had the grand eyes, and Delia had a way with her,  
And Mary had the saint's face, and Maggie's waist was neat,  
But Sheila had the merry heart that travelled all the day with her,  
And put the laughing on her lips and dancing in her feet.

I've met with martyrs in my time, and faith, they make the best of it,  
But 'tis the uncomplaining ones that wear a sorrow long.  
'Twas Sheila had the better way, and that's to make a jest of it,  
To call her trouble out to dance and step it with a song.

Eh, but Sheila had the laugh the like of drink to weary ones.  
(I've never heard the best of it for all I've wandered wide.)  
And out of all the girls I know—the tender ones—the dreary ones—  
'Twas only Sheila and the laugh that broke her heart and died.

—*Cassell's Magazine of Fiction, London.*